

*The contention of the two famous Houses,  
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streetes.*

*Enter Dame Elnor Cobham bare-foote, and a white sheete about her,  
with a waxe Candle in her hand, and verses written on her backe &  
pind on, and accompanied with the Sherifes of London, and Sir Iohn  
Standly, and Officers, with Bils and Holbards.*

*Seruing.* My gracious Lord, see wher my Lady comes,  
Please it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?

*Humph.* I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,  
Nor offer once to draw a weapon heere,  
But let them do their office as they should.

*Elnor.* Come you my Lord to see my open shame?  
Ah Gloster, now thou dost penance too,  
See how the giddy people looke at thee,  
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,  
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,  
And in thy pent vp study rue my shame,  
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.

*Hum.* Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme griefe,  
And beare it patiently to ease thy heart.

*Elnor.* Ah Gloster, teach me to forget my selfe,  
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,  
The thought of this doth kill my wofull heart.  
The ruthlesse flints do cut my tender feete,  
And when I start, the cruell people laugh,  
And bids me be aduised how I tread,  
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,  
Malde vp in shame, with papers on my backe,  
Ah Gloster, can I endure this and liue?  
Sometime ile say I am Duke *Humphreys* wife,  
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,  
But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,  
As he stood by, whilst I his fore-lorne Dutchesse  
Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,  
To euery idle rascald follower.

*Humphrey.* My louely Nell, what wouldst thou haue me do?  
Should

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,  
I should incurre the danger of the law;  
And thy disgrace would not be shaddowed so.

*Elnor.* Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace,  
Vntill the axe of death hang ore thy head,  
As shortly sure it will. For Suffolke he,  
The new made Duke, that may do all in all  
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,  
And impious *Yorke*, and *Bewford* that false Priest,  
Haue all lymde bushes to betray thy wings,  
And flye thou how thou canst, they will entangle thee.

*Enter a Herald of Armes.*

*Herald.* I summon your Grace vnto his Highnes P  
holden at *S. Edmonds-Bury*, the first of the next Month.

*Hum.* A Parllament, and our consent neuer craude  
Therein before. This is ———— *Exit H*  
Well, we will be there.

*Master Sheriffe,* I pray proceede no further against my  
Lady, then the course of law extends.

*Sher.* Please it your Grace, my office here doth end  
And I must deliuer her to Sir *Iohn Stanly*.  
To be conducted into the Isle of Man.

*Humphrey.* Must you sir *Iohn* conduct my Lady?  
*Standly.* I my gracious Lord, for so it is decreed,  
And I am so commanded by the King.

*Humph.* I pray you sir *Iohn*, vse her nere the worse,  
In that I intreate you to vse her well.  
The world may smile againe, and I may liue  
To do you fauour, if you do it her,  
And so sir *Iohn* farewell.

*Elnor.* What gone my Lord, and bid not me farewell?

*Humph.* Witnesse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay.

*Exit Humphrey and his*

*Elnor.* Then is he gone, is noble Gloster gone,  
And doth Duke *Humphrey* now forsake me too?  
Then let me haste from out faire Englands bounds,  
Come *Standly*, come, and let vs haste away.

D. 3